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treaty, the agent exposed to this chief some rich suits of clothes, just received from New-York, for himself: among them was one richly laced, to which the Sachem taking a strong fancy, he told Sir William, he had seen that very suit in a dream, in which the agent also insisted on giving it to him. "Did you really dream so?" said Sir William. "I really did," replied John, "and that you swore I should wear it at the treaty." After a short comment on the importance of at-

tending to dreams, Sir William acquiesced; but, before the conclusion of the treaty, took his turn at dreaming, and declared, that in his dream, the chief had peremptorily insisted on his accepting of the island in question. "And are you quite sure you dreamed so?" asked the latter; and, being answered by a strong affirmative, added, "Well then, you must have it. But let you, Sir William and I agree *never to dream any more.*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE old Ballad "False Lambkin" was one of the favourites of my childhood; the more so, perhaps, as I never could obtain the whole of it connectedly, and, from this circumstance, an air of mystery might have made it more interesting.

The apprehensions of the Lord of the castle, for the safety, in his absence, of his Lady; of whom, tradition says, Lambkin was a discarded lover; her confidence in the security of the castle; the baseness and cruelty of the nurse, heightened by Lambkin's unwillingness to murder the child; the lustre of the lady's mantle, of power to illumine the darkness of the night; the silver basin which was to receive her blood; the return of the father to his surviving child, and her description of the bloody scene. These united ideas of magnificence, compassion, and horror, forcibly struck my infantile imagination, and left an impression not to be obliterated by improved taste, and ripened judgment, which might be expected to reject the wild story, and the miserable verses which relate it.

Not having been able to trace this tale amongst the preserved reliques of ancient poetry, I have been induced to attempt to string the incidents together, though, perhaps, in lines little better than the original.

MIRA.

FALSE LAMBKIN.

O, WHY does the Baron still linger here,
So sadly beside his Ladye gay,
While his red-roan charger champs the bit,
And seems in haste to speed away?

And why falls the tear down his manly
cheek,
As fast as the dew-drop falls on the rose,
And why does his bosom heave and swell,
Like the stormy sea when she ebbs and
flows?

In vain his Ladye looks up with a smile,
And with her lily hand dries the tear;
The Baron is brave, and the Baron is
strong,
And why should his noble heart know
fear?

But what does it 'vail that he's brave and
he's strong,
When he cannot his Lady-love defend?
For his Sovereign Liege has called him
away,
And his Sovereign's will he must attend.

Rocky and wild the mountain frowns,
His castle lies in the valley below,
And dark and drear is the pathless wood
Which stretches along the mountain's
brow.

The castle gates are strong and well barr'd,
No open foe the castle can win;

But treacherous guilt may find a pass,
And let false, cruel Lambkin in.

But why shuns Lambkin the steps of men,
And why does he hide in the pathless
wood;

Why will not time his vengeance calm,
Why thirsts he for that Ladye's blood?

O, dearly, dearly, once Lambkin lov'd
The Baron's beauteous Ladye bright,
A virgin then in her father's hall,
And the praise of many a gallant knight.

She scorn'd Lambkin's love—the Baron
came,
And sweet were the smiles which his
suit approv'd;
O how can fell hatred fill that breast,
Which once with fondest passion lov'd!

Dark vapours arise in Lambkin's soul,
And they settle upon his lowering brow
And often to pierce that bosom so fair
He meditates the fatal blow.

"O! never before did I leave thee, love
With such a sad, misgiving heart,
Heaven save thee, and my children dear,
While from you I am forced to part.

"O! beware thee of that fatal wood,
That fatal wood where Lambkin lies—
Beware thee, lest in evil hour
Thy foe the castle should surprise!"

Sadly smil'd that Ladye fair,
And faltering were her words of cheer,
Yet she said, "My Lord, and dearest
love,
"Let not thy noble heart know fear.

"The castle gates are strong, and well
barr'd,
No open foe the castle can win,
Nor round the walls is there found a pass
Could let the wildest traitor in.

"And I'll hie me to my western tower,
No force, no fraud, can reach me there,
There will I wait for thy return,
And cherish hope, and banish fear."

The Baron could no longer stay,
He mounted on his red-roan steed,
And many a look he cast behind,
While his very heart seemed to bleed.

No force, no fraud, the castle gates
Attempted for full many a day,

Though still within the pathless wood
Conceal'd false cruel Lambkin lay.

Yet oft he tampered with the nurse,
That nurs'd the young Lord on her
knee;

The young lad was as pretty a babe
As ever mother could wish to see.

She hearken'd to false Lambkin's words,
She look'd upon false Lambkin's gold,
And her own kind Ladye's dear heart's
blood,
To cruel Lambkin she has sold.

It was at the dead time of the night,
When sleep had seal'd up every eye,
Then might you hear without the walls,
False Lambkin's footsteps stealing nigh.

Then might you hear, with stealing step,
False nurse, the castle walls within,
Undo the bar, unlock the gate,
And let false, cruel Lambkin in.

"In the western turret my Ladye lies,
Nor will she come down till morning
hour,
Nor all your strength, nor all your craft,
Can ever win my Ladye's bower."

"O nurse, how shall we wyle her down
From out her western tower so high?
For if the morning finds me here,
Both you and I must surely die."

"At the morning hour my Lord will come,
And in her bower my Ladye will wait,
Till she hears his red-roan charger's tramp,
Till she hears him ring at the castle gate.

"Then, Lambkin, take thy knife so sharp,
And pierce the young Lord's dainty skin,
Thus shalt thou wyle his mother down,
And then thy vengeance thou shalt win."

"Oh pity, Oh pity!" then Lambkin cry'd,
"I could not stain with his heart's blood
the ground;
How sweetly he sleeps, how sweetly he
smiles!—
The pretty baby I cannot wound!"

"No pity, no pity!" then cry'd the nurse,
"Let not our plans by pity be cross'd—
Why do you tremble, and look so pale?—
Be quick, be quick—or all is lost!"

"Oh Nurse, what ails my little son,
What pain disturbs his gentle rest?"

O, why does my baby shriek so loud?—
O, take, O take him to your breast!"

"O, Ladye dear, nor breast, nor pap,
Your little son will take from me;
O, Ladye dear, come quickly down,
And dandle him upon your knee."

"The night is dark, the fire is out,
No lamp burns in my western tower,
Steep are the stairs, I cannot come down,
I must abide till morning hour."

"O, Ladye, you have three mantles fine,
With diamonds deck'd, of lustre bright,
Take one of them, come to your child,
The mantle fine shall give you light."

Then down she came, that Ladye fair,
And only thought of her baby's harm,
But ere the lowest step she reach'd,
False Lambkin caught her by the arm.

"O, spare my life," the Ladye cry'd,
"My gold and jewels I'll give to thee,
O, spare my life till morning hour,
My fair young daughter thy bride shall be."

"Your gold and jewels shall never be mine,
No daughter of yours my bride shall be,
But your daughter the silver basin shall hold,
To catch your blood while it flows so free."

"O, daughter, daughter, come not down—
O, watch from the turret, my daughter dear;
O, leave not thy bower till morning light,
For then thy father will be here."

The young daughter staid till morning light,
Then she heard her father rap loud at the ring,
And, oh, there was none but his daughter dear
To open the castle and let him in.

"O, father, father, blame not me,
False nurse, and false Lambkin, the castle did win,
O, father, father, cover your eyes—
O, my dear father, do not come in!"

"For blood is about you wherever you turn,
And blood has stain'd your castle hall,
Your little son in his cradle lies dead,
And my dearest mother lies dead by the wall!"

He spoke not a word, he shed not a tear,
For his heart it was burning, his brain it was dry!

He look'd on his Ladye's clay-cold cheek,
He look'd on his baby's death-shut eye.

He hasted away, and wild was his speed,
His men followed fast to the pathless wood,

And there false Lambkin soon they found,
And his hands were red with that Ladye's blood.

Oh, high was the gallows where false Lambkin hung,
And fierce blaz'd the fire on the mountain's side,

And the false, false nurse was burnt in that fire,
And the wind her ashes blew far and wide.

SONG.

ERIN, thy harp's wild-warbl'd air,
Can every passion move;
Can sink the soul in deep despair,
Or soothe with dreams of love.
No trillings of Italian song,
Can such a charm impart;
To thy sweet harp those strains belong,
That touch the feeling heart.

More plaintive is thy native lay,
Than is the evening breeze,
That, at the close of summer's day,
Complains among the trees.
Once more that sweetly pensive air,
To sooth my secret grief;
It draws the sigh, it steals the tear,
And gives my heart relief.

DION.

EPITAPHIUM SUPER LAPIDEM DEFOS-
SUM IN CIMETERIO KILKEA CAS-
TELLO VICINO INSCRIPTUM.*

VIVO ego jam morior miraris verbula
lector

In terris morior-vita secunda polo est
Vita nihil prima est est et mihi pompa se-
cunda

Vita prior dolus est vita secunda decus
Ecce Geraldino fueram conjuncta Gulielmo

* This epitaph is printed without stops in the latin part, to make it more exactly resemble the original.